UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 378 132 5

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

A. K. Blomfield
from
J. T. G. F.
14. April 1878.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/memorialsoftggod00faus

MEMORIALS

OF

T. G. GODFREY-FAUSSETT.

This impression is limited to 150 *copies*

MEMORIALS

OF

T. G. GODFREY-FAUSSETT.

JAMES PARKER AND CO.
377, STRAND, LONDON; AND AT OXFORD.
1878.

LONDON :
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C.

PR
4718
C5448m

CONTENTS.

PAGE

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS vii

HYMNS AND TRANSLATIONS—

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide 10

Art thou weary, art thou languid 84

By Jesus' grave on either hand 80

Christian, seek not yet repose 68

Great God, what do I see and hear! (a fragment) . . . 82

God, who madest earth and heaven 88

Hues of the rich unfolding morn 2

Hark! the herald angels sing 18

Holy offerings, rich and rare 38

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty 54

Jesu, Lover of my soul 58

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me 90

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom. . . . 62

Lord, I had planned to do Thee service true 76

My God, my Father, while I stray 26

942441

PAGE

Nearer, my God, to Thee 64

O Lord of Heaven and earth and sea 32

O Lord, while thus in psalm and prayer. 36

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed 72

The Church's one Foundation 14

The Son of God goes forth to war 22

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze 50

Vital spark of heavenly flame 48

When I survey the wondrous Cross 30

How long, O Lord, how long? Thy chosen see 95

My father came to my sister's bed 94

Glad their call we welcomed 97

The wintry storms which late were flying 96

Who has not stood and gazed into the sky 93

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

T. G. GODFREY-FAUSSETT.

I CAN never forget how, one hot day in Egypt less than a year ago, I received a letter full of the sprightly kindness and profound learning which characterised the subject of this notice, and by the same post a copy of the *Times* containing the announcement of his death on the 26th February, a few days after he had dictated the letter. Thus it happened to me that a remote town in the Said is indelibly connected in my mind with the memory of a friend, who, during the years in which I had been privileged to know him, spent his days for the most part in one English city,

one house, one room. To others of his friends perhaps that room over the Norman Gateway at Canterbury will be a more distinct memorial of Thomas Godfrey-Faussett. It was the pleasantest of studies, the most home-like of libraries, and at the same time perhaps one of the most ancient inhabited rooms in England. And never were the characteristics of an occupier more clearly reflected by his surroundings. From the western window the Almonry Court and the old town beyond were visible. The eastern window looked into the Green Court, and on a summer day, when the sun sloped through the trees, and the air was full of the perfume of lime blossoms and the hum of bees, to sit in the window-seat and look out at the old Deanery opposite, the old Canons' houses on the left, and the still older and half-ruined Priory on the right, conveyed such impressions that it was easy to pass away hours in antiquarian meditation or passive enjoyment. The Cathedral bells, at regular intervals chiming away the quarters, marked time too melodiously to waken a day-dreamer, and it was only with an effort that one could

work under such tranquillising influences. But when work was to be done Mr. Faussett was an inexorable task-master, not so much to others as to himself. Thus it came to pass that he often laboured that others might idle, and though at the time when I first visited him, now seven years ago, exertion was already becoming difficult to his wasted frame, his mental energy overcame every obstacle. Even after increasing weakness made it impossible for him to turn over the leaves of a book, a great chart would be spread before him, and the complicated results of hours of careful thought would be recorded at leisure, so accurate was his memory and so distinct were his views. On one table in this room he had the great annotated folios of the History of Kent, which, begun by Streatfeild and continued by Larking, were destined to remain incomplete when death removed their third editor also. Round the walls, above bookshelves containing the manuscript collections of three generations of antiquaries, were hung the family portraits from his beloved Heppington. From the timbers of the open roof depended banners blazoned with the arms of the county,

of the Cathedral, and of many an old Kentish family. Everywhere there was evidence of hard work, combined with the lighter graces of taste and culture. Tall copies of rare books, illuminated pictures, carvings, quaint furniture, Anglo-Saxon relics, were scattered about, yet it was not a museum. Comfort was studied as well as archæology, and on the hearthrug the toys of the child, on the sofa an open workbox, showed that the dearest surroundings of home life were not out of place in the study of the man of law and of history.

Here in many a pleasant meeting were gathered his friends, and not his friends alone, but inquirers who sought his counsel and knowledge from all parts of the world. Hence were dated long letters full of abstruse reasoning, or of legal advice, or of the happy banter in which he excelled; and here after ten years of gradual decline, to use the words of one of his dearest companions and latest comforters, he awaited "thoughtfully and cheerfully" the inevitable end.

How many of us will miss the merry little notes written in this old room! Here is a business letter to the incumbent of a Chapter living:—

Accept again by my sign manual
The Chapter's offering, semi-annual.
Two only duties would I mention
As thus imposed on your attention :
Revere the founder's memory duly,
And send receipt to yours most truly.

Here are some of the verses sent to let Dean Alford know at his country house at Vines Gate, that no Chapter meeting need be held that week :—

Hæc Decano dat Auditor :
Cæde Jovi vitulum !
Tibi non est opus iter,
Nobis non Capitulum.
Domi res ubique vigent,
Arva stant valentia ;
Silent cuncta quæ fatigent
Cantuariensia.

* * * *

Contra venti sunt brumales
(Audin' quanta vox ei !)
Si non æquinoctiales
Saltem æque noxii.

Capital puns like this last were here poured forth in profusion. They were always funny—even when their quality, from a literary point of view, did not entitle them to live long—they were always funny, but they were never unkind. Some of them so far secured a

permanent place that they appeared in *Punch*. Among these, few are better than this on the flight of King Coffee Calcalli from Sir Garnet Wolseley :—

> Coomassie's town is burnt to dust ;
> The king escaped is he :
> So ash-and-Coffee now remain
> Of what was Ashantee.

Others were of such a fugitive nature, or of such immediate interest only, that it is impossible by repeating them in cold blood, so to speak, to give any idea of their apposite appropriateness. Such were the humorous verses on the Archbishop's enthronement, many parodies, various election squibs, innumerable valentines, among them one which, like the Battle of Belgrade, is alphabetical, each verse, not of one but of four lines, incredible as it may seem, consisting entirely of words commencing with a single letter. One of his friends in the Precincts reminds me of his extraordinary readiness in these intellectual gymnastics :—"It had been intended that the crests of the Dean and Canons should be carved on the shields over the fireplace in the new library ; but on the day of the enthronement it was found

that one Canon, Mr. Stone, had gone abroad without giving the pattern to the carver, and instead of his bearings the shield appropriated to him displayed the following lines in pencil :—

> Mitte supervacuum sculpendi monstra laborem :
> Ipse potest Lapidem significare lapis.

Next day the supposed author of these lines received from the Auditor translations into English and Greek :—

> Chyde not, O friend, that mid th' armoriall hos'e
> Sculptur'd and blazon'd, I am blanke alone :
> Beautie when unadorn'd is beautie moste,
> So stone uncarv'd best representeth Stone.
>
> Σᾶμά τοι ἐστὶ κενὸν τόδ' ὀδοιπόρε, καὶ κενὸν ἔστω—
> Τοῖσι γὰρ ἐστὶ Λίθος τοὔνομα, σᾶμα λίθος."

The same correspondent (Canon Robertson) remarks, that "during the last year of Mr. Faussett's life it was truly wonderful to see the contrast between his increasing bodily weakness and his fresh and active mind. The verses which flowed so freely from his invention were committed to paper by other hands than his own." Some were merry, some were wise; all were full of the sunshine of kindliness, for he was a joker whose jokes never wounded—a critic who never failed to detect

good work — a counsellor who could enter into the troubles of others, and who could give valuable advice and unfailing sympathy. His talents fitted him to enter into the wants and wishes of many different kinds of people. I saw him most often in his archæological aspect, and here he was always the most judicious of guides and the cleverest of helpers. I wrote to him in 1873 for a rhyming Latin inscription to be placed under a window of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, in commemoration of the Prince of Wales's recovery. The request was unreasonable, the task most difficult, one, in fact, which I could not have performed myself, and which no other of my acquaintance would have performed for me. Almost by return of post the chaplain received the lines, which are now to be seen in the chapel :—

> Mœstis ante hoc altare Nuper erat supplicare
> Clauderet ne vitam deinceps Walliæ dilectus Princeps :
> Quo per morbum vix redacto—Miro Dei benefacto—
> Vitream, quam sic paramus, Deo grati consecramus.

This remarkable power of easy versification in Latin or in English is abundantly illustrated by his hymns. To

his friends it appeared little less than marvellous how rapidly little poems were turned off. Yet his fastidious taste and delicate ear made him as particular about their perfectness as if they had been among the most serious occupations of his life. To omit mention of these productions would be to omit a most important consideration in drawing his character. With all his learning, his intensely serious convictions, and his deep tenderness towards all suffering and sorrow, except perhaps his own, he was always apt to see the ludicrous side of things, and cheered himself and those about him to the last with the overflowings of a merry heart. Now he would turn the "Ratcatcher's Daughter" into sounding hexameters and pentameters:—

> Vestmonasterias virgo pulcherrima quondam
> Incoluit plateas, murifero orta patre.

Again it was the elegy—

ON A DOG NOT YET DEAD.

> Here lies poor Nell: light o'er her ashes tread
> —I mean that here she will lie when she's dead.
> She left this world of thrashings and of sorrow
> Upon the—Date unknown, but p'rhaps to-morrow, &c.

Or a friend sends him a present of "invalid turtle," and receives a letter of thanks, in which, after quoting Horace's "dapibus supremo grata Testudo Jovis," he goes on to pun on the word in seven or eight verses of the happiest rhyming Latin, of which a specimen must suffice :—

Grato qui fundebam ori
Carnem testudineam,
Brevem reddo donatori
Gratiarum lineam.
Morsu stimulatus udo
Cantûs vigor dabitur:
Vasit caro, sed testudo
Laudibus pulsabitur.

* * * *

Belli spes est dubia, gesti
Vagâ multitudine:
Certus meum tu cepisti
Factâ cor testudine.

Or a complimentary note to Dr. Longhurst, the Cathedral Organist, after a successful performance of the Oratorio of *Samson* :—

Great Sir, your "Samson" was a thing to hear,
In woe or triumph it alike was good,
And fitly closed th' harmonious career
By bringing down the house—as Samson should.

But of the more serious work performed in this old chamber over the gate I should also speak. The Latin

and English hymns are printed in this volume. The archæological essays, very few in number, are in the pages of the Kent Society's Journal, or in that of the Archæological Institute. His essays of this kind were few, as I have said, not above five or six, and that for a good reason; his subject was always a difficult one, and he treated it exhaustively. There was no scamping in his work. He would never say a thing "will do well enough." He was never satisfied till it was as perfect as he could make it. One who knew him best tells me "He did not mind what trouble or fatigue he went through—it must be made right before it was done with."

Nor should I omit that when his work was done he was pleased with it. The same informant says, "He was most careful and particular how everything in his home and daily life was done, how his pictures were arranged, how his garden was laid out,—everything—but when it *was* right he took the most intense and satisfied pleasure in it, and never seemed to tire of it." Of this "happy disposition" many of his friends have borne testimony since his death. One writes, "I think my

strongest impression when I saw him was his great cheerfulness and brightness." Another observes that, "One always felt so comfortable with him:" and a third, speaking of the long trial which weighed him gradually down into his grave, says, "It would be impossible to imagine a man taking his fate more bravely." He knew for years that there was no cure for him. Yet he appeared to have transferred his hope, not lost it, and when the last moment came he had all his preparations made, quietly and deliberately, like a man going on a journey, who gets ready without troubling others with his plans. In almost his last hours he translated the words of the child's hymn which concludes our selection, and with childlike faith resigned himself into the hands of the "Tender Shepherd."

Most of his public friends took their farewell of him more than a year previously at the Canterbury Congress of the Archæological Institute. Here in spite of his weakness he was the life and soul of the meeting, and the central feature of the proceedings was undoubtedly the reading of his paper on "Canterbury till Domesday," in the hall of St. Augustine's College. It was a touching

sight to see the writer helped in to hear the paper read by a friend, and to know that all this hard work had been done under such a weight of illness that he could not so much as turn his head to look at the maps he had made himself. I have the testimony of three of the greatest of living antiquaries and historians, that this paper of Mr. Faussett's was one of the most remarkable ever read at a Congress of the Institute, and only to be compared with the achievements of such archæological princes as Guest and Willis.

Canon Robertson writes to me:—"It was soon after this that he was recommended to the editor of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' as the fittest man to write an article on Canterbury for the new edition; and having accepted Professor Baynes's invitation, he performed his task so successfully that a writer in the *Times*, in reviewing the volume, made special mention of his contribution as being a model of its kind. In writing to Mr. Faussett from abroad, I congratulated him on this notice, to which he answered that he was not aware of it."

Anxious as he always was that whatever he did should

be well done, he cared little for praise, seldom or never spoke of what he had done, and was always ready to hand over notes or information which he had gathered, for the use of any one willing to work. In this way I was not once only, but twice indebted to him for the greater part of the contents of an archæological paper, and a hundred times for shorter notes on all kinds of subjects. I make this acknowledgment for myself, but I know that many of his friends and acquaintance, and many too with whom he had no acquaintance, owed him information and assistance in similar work, for no one ever sought him in vain. Unlike so many of his contemporaries, he seemed never afraid of diminishing his own store by giving to others.

I must bring this brief notice to a close by a few words of biographical detail. He was the eighth son of the Rev. Godfrey Faussett, of Heppington, Kent,—D.D. of Oxford, a Canon of Christ Church, and Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. He was born at Oxford in 1829, and passed much of his youth at Worcester, in the College Green, his father having been Prebendary there before his translation to Christ Church.

Both cities were dear to him, but his home feelings were all reserved for Kent. He early showed that he had inherited fully the tastes of his great-grandfather, Bryan Faussett, for antiquarian research, and quite as a boy devoted his leisure to carrying the outposts of historical study, genealogy, heraldry, and the rudiments of architectural style. He obtained a Scholarship and subsequently a Fellowship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and in 1862 was called to the Bar. In March 1859 he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. In 1863 he undertook the duties of Honorary Secretary to the Kent Archæological Society, and held the post for ten years, when, after having, as I said above, succeeded Mr. Larking in his charge of the great History of Kent, which has been so long in preparation, he was obliged to resign both employments from failing health. His marriage, on the great happiness of which I forbear to enlarge, had taken place in 1864, and two years later he had gone to live at Canterbury, the Dean and Chapter having in 1866 appointed him their auditor. He had already begun to feel the attacks of the insidious disease against which he was to struggle for so many

years, and after 1873, except for the purpose of an official signature, he never attempted to hold the pen. In 1871 he became District Registrar of the Probate Court. He first appears as a contributor to the *Archæologia Cantiana* in 1861; at least, that is the first date at which I find him named. Before this he had written for a couple of years in *Fraser's Magazine*. To the *Archæological Journal* his chief contribution was the "Canterbury till Domesday," already mentioned, but he occasionally wrote a paper during many years. When the *Contemporary Review* was edited by his friend Dean Alford, he sometimes wrote in it: but the whole number of his articles is small. Several of the hymns in the present volume were first printed in the *Latin Year*, and one appeared, in 1875, in the *Saturday Review*, having been inserted, but without his name, as an alternative rendering in the course of a criticism on another and better known translation.

He died 26th February 1877, and is buried in the spot chosen by himself under the old yew-tree in Nackington churchyard. It is a fitting resting-place

for the antiquary and for the man. His grave is marked by a very beautiful stone cross, designed according to his own wish, from a fragment found in St. Martin's churchyard at Canterbury; while Nackington Church is the parish church of the old home which he loved, and his ancestry for many generations lie in the chancel.

And now let me confess that in the very imperfect sketch which I have given of the subject of these memorials, I cannot hope to have satisfied those who knew him best. His rare attainments indeed are matter of some notoriety. But the full beauty of his life—his sweet unselfish disposition, his cheerful uncomplaining temper, his deep religious convictions, his humble Christian walk,—these are traits not easily drawn out in a few pages of personal recollections. They must be left—and perhaps they are best so left—written only where they will not soon be effaced, in the memories o his nearest friends.

W. J. L.

HYMNS.

I.

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And, brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

I.

Dives vario colore,
Sole prior, lux Auroræ,
Solis ante pedes lata,
Arte quâdam pandi data :—

Aura, jubilans susurris,
Primo mane quæ procurris,
Vivis præter pennis iens,
Foliorum cantus ciens :—

Nebula, quæ fumans sponte
Seu de silvâ seu de fonte,
Cælum, cujus imbres bibis,
Pro tributo mox redibis :—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore make all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

Ergo cur tot frustra datis
Pulchra pigris et ingratis,
Qui in pejus vigilamus,
Vos et cælum ignoramus.

O quam felix, prudens pergit,
Qui surgenti sole surgit,
Jubar id præsumens divum,
Omnia renovare vivum!

Novum per Amorem usque
Vigilamus surgimusque
Tuti, nocte, somno actis,
Vitâ, mente, vi redactis.

Nova mane, dum oratur,
Cingunt dona. Nova datur
Vis pericla, probra mergens,—
Mens et spes ad cælum surgens.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untir'd we ask, and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store
Finding a spell unheard before;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Si diurnæ cursum vitæ,
Cor pro sancto ponat rite,
Nova pulchra dat ex eo
Deus, quæ reddamus Deo.

Cælo plena, dulciore
Quæ amamus stant amore.
Amor, preces alunt lucem,
Quæ soletur curam, crucem.

Qualis et, quod bene noscis,
Melos iterum reposcis,
E quo toties fit expressum
Gaudium adhuc non confessum :—

Tales altâ pace gaudent,
Notas qui per pœnas audent
Deum semper respexisse,
Semper sese subdidisse.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell.
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

* * * * * *

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE.

Vitæ si dedamur isti,—
Stemus licet nocte tristi,—
Quale circa surget lumen!
Quantum discet cor acumen!

Sic nec clausi deseremus
Res, amicos, quæ habemus:
Sic nec accingemur polum
Sordidi, quos decet solum.

Vita simplex, vilis cura,—
Satis hæc, nec opus plura;
His vesanum cor lenitur;
Hoc in cælum patet iter.

Jesu, tantùm hoc!—amatos
Paci summæ fac paratos:
Fac ut indies gerant sese
Tali vitâ, quali prece.

II.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy Grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

II.

Vesper cadit, nox invadit,
Umbras densatura secum;
Huc adesto, ubi resto,
Ut pernoctem, Jesu, Tecum.
Cum nec detur, qui soletur,
Nec circumstet nisi triste,
O Qui tamen es Solamen,
Hospes mane mecum, Christe.

Parva vitæ ruit cite
Dies, velut æstus exit:
Ruit decus, et non secus
Omne, mundus quod dilexit.
En mutanda, vel vastanda,
Cuncta cedunt:—at Tu siste!
Tu Qui caris non mutaris
Hospes mane mecum, Christe.

Ni Te coram sim per horam,
Horas mæreo desertas.
Qualis prostem versus hostem
Telum nisi Tu divertas?
Cui sunt fisi pedes, nisi
Ducant, firment manus istæ?
Sol seu datur, seu celatur,
Comes perge mecum, Christe.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

LYTE.

Nihil tremo, turbat nemo,
Adsis si Tu beaturus :
Quæ sunt rite mala vitæ,
Hæc prætereo securus.
O quam spernam tutus urnam !
O quis, Mors, triumphus iste ?
Vinco sospes ; tantum hospes
Maneas Tu mecum, Christe.

Dormienti, vix videnti,
Tuam O protende Crucem ;
Tolle velum, monstra cælum,
Per tenebras affer lucem.
En Sol surgit cæli ! mergit
Umbras, mundum, quidquid triste !
Quavis forte, vita, morte,
Hospes mane mecum, Christe.

III.

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From Heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth:
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,

III.

Qui Ecclesiam instauravit,
Non est nisi Christus unus.
Ipse Verbo consecravit,
Ipse Lymphâ, Suum munus.
Cælis exiens denūo,
Hanc in Sponsam competivit ;
Sanguine redemit Suo ;
Viveret ut hæc, perivit.

Hæc ex orbe lecta sponte,
Una tamen tanto grege,
Uno Deo, Fide, Fonte,
Constat.—En, quâ vivit lege.
Unum Cibum scit in cenâ ;
Unum Nomen laudat ore ;
Gratiâ confitetur plenâ
Spem, quam petat, unam fore.

Quid si multo læsam ictu
Rideat spernatque turba,

By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One;
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly
On high may dwell with Thee!

STONE.

Ruptam schismatis conflictu,
  Falsa vix ferentem verba?
Sancti tamen intuentur;
  "O, quis finis?"—instant prece.
Mox, quæ noctem flet, libenter
  Mane cantu pandet sese.

Inter belli vim minacem,—
  Quicquid duri, tristis, datur,—
Stat expectans, donec Pacem
  In æternum nanciscatur.
Id speratum mox videbit
  Oculus e quo nitescat;
Victrix et per tot manebit,—
  Eo victrix, ut quiescat.

Scit interea sociari
  Uni Deo, Tribus junctis:
Dulci spe scit commorari
  Pacem nactis, terrâ functis.
Istis Sanctis et Beatis,—
  Parvis et despectis olim,—
Sit, o! nobis Gratiæ satis,
  Ut jungamur ultra polum!

IV.

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!

IV.

Audi chorum Angelorum,
Nati Regis laudatorum,
Jussum ferre Pacem terræ,
Veniamque peccatorum.
O gaudentes ite, gentes,—
Terræ, cæli clamor mistus,—
Triumphate, conclamate,
"Nascitur in Bethlem Christus!"
Audi chorum Angelorum,
Nati Regis laudatorum.

Rex supernus, Rex æternus,
Rex in Cælis adoratus,
Deus verus,—venit serus,
Proles Virginis creatus.
Is, cui cælum paret, velum
Carnis fert, humanum munus:

Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

WESLEY.

Gaudet homo nostrâ domo,
Deus, sed e nobis unus.
Audi chorum Angelorum,
Nati Regis laudatorum.

Ave deinceps, Pacis Princeps!
Ave, Sol tot atra mergens,
Lucem, vitam præbens citam,
Plenâ cum salute surgens!
Ecce! regnum ponit dignum
Mitis, ut sic vincat mortem,
Ut huic genti, bis nascenti,
Det novatam vitæ sortem.
Audi chorum Angelorum,
Nati Regis laudatorum!

V.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

V.

Poscit regnum Dei Natus;
Pergit pugnaturus:
Signi rubor fulget latus,—
Ecquis secuturus?
Christi si quis haustum trucem
Fortiter potabit,
Christi si quis geret crucem,—
Is commilitabit.

Ecce primus,—qui per velum
Mortis stat explorans,
Christum videt inter cælum,
Cadit Hunc adorans;
Ictibus oppressus duris
(Hic exemplar dabit)
Veniam orat necaturis,—
Quis commilitabit?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may Grace be given
To follow in their train.

HEBER.

Ecce bis sex,—quibus Pater
Inspiravit lucem,
Qui, spes tanta nempe datur,
Spernunt flammam, crucem;
Sciunt fortes per mucronem
Quid angoris stabit,
Per tyrannum, per leonem,—
Quis commilitabit?

Pueris en senes misti,
Virgines matronis,
Nitent circa sedem Christi
Vestibus, coronis.
Istis per dolores datur
Ad Te perdurare;
Istis O concedas Pater,
Nos commilitare.

VI.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

* * * * * *

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
Thy will be done!

VI.

PATER, dum sors est vagari
Procul Te in vitæ mari,
Hoc ex corde da precari—
"Fiat voluntas Tua."

Pergam licet nocte tristi,
Fato cedam mitis isti,
Dicam, quod Tu docuisti,
"Fiat voluntas Tua."

Si quid pereat percarum,
Has res nosco meas parum,
Tibi partem do Tuarum;
Fiat voluntas Tua.

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Effluam si lento fluctu,
Sive morbo sive luctu,
Precor usque, tuo ductu—
"Fiat voluntas Tua!"

Cordi nimis ægrè gesto
Tantùm dulcis hospes esto,
Cætera securus resto;
Fiat voluntas Tua.

Firmans indies denuo
Meum cor commisce Tuo;
Melius sic in verba fluo—
"Fiat voluntas Tua."

Deinde, mundo jam distante,
Non cum lacrymis, ut ante,
Sed vi canam jubilante—
"Fiat voluntas Tua!"

VII.

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See, from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

Watts.

VII.

Miræ contemplator crucis,
De quâ Rex pendebat lucis,
Nostra pono lucra damno,
Nostra lautiora temno.

Me non ullo, Jesu, pacto,
Tuâ nisi cruce, jacto;
Queis fruebar mitto frui,
Sanguinis secutor Tui.

En! de manu, pede, fronte,
Amor, dolor manant fonte.
O amoris dolor finis!
O corona pulchra spinis!

Donum foret tellus tota,
Minus quam ad mea vota.
En! amori tantis digno
Mentem, vitam, me, resigno.

VIII.

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

VIII.

O Rex terræ, maris, poli,
Laus et honor Tibi soli!
Quo amore debes coli,
Qui largiris omnia.

Te favente, ver renidet,
Fruges, flores terra videt;
Tuum est quod messis ridet,
Qui largiris omnia.

Tibi, quod sunt pax salusque,
Vita bona, grates usque
En debemus dabimusque,
Qui largiris omnia.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee, we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

Bp. Wordsworth.

Tibi, quod redemti stamus,
Gratiam, cælum quod speramus,
Rursus, Pater, quid reddamus,
Qui largiris omnia?

Si quo fruar, perdo totum;
Id pro lucro stat immotum,
Quicquid Tibi sit devotum,
Qui largiris omnia.

Nam quod deponamus ibi,
Mille fructus auget sibi;
Largiamur ergo Tibi,
Qui largiris omnia.

Vitæ sic jungamur isti,
O qui vitam præbuisti,
Qui, quod damus, et dedisti,
Qui largiris omnia.

IX.

O Lord, while thus in psalm and prayer
Our voices we uplift,
Fain would the hand Thy worship share
And praise Thee with a gift.

Thine are the joys in which we live—
Thine all our hopes of Heav'n;
O let us ponder, ere we give,
What Thou for us hast given.

The rich shall bring from golden store,
The poor shall yield his mite,
Each heart-drawn gift, nor less, nor more,
But equal in Thy sight.

So may to us those words divine
One day Thy welcome be—
"Because thou gavest unto Mine,
Thou gavest unto Me."

T. G. G.-F.

IX.

Cantu, prece, Christe, sese
Voces sustulere;
Ecce donum, laudi bonum,
Manus vult præbere.

De te rite pulchra vitæ
Cæli spes futuri;
Quæ debemus, reputemus
Tibi reddituri.

Dives horum tradit aurum,
Parvus parva dabit:
Mens devota, tibi nota,
Minus plus æquabit.

O in fine, dic, Divine,
Stratis ante thronum,
"Meis istis quod dedistis,
Mihi fuit donum."

X.

Holy off'rings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer—
Purer life and purpose high—
Clasped hands and lifted eye—
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our Salvation—
—On His altar laid we leave them.
Christ, present them—God, receive them!

Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid—
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld we now restore them,
On Thy holy altar pour them,
There in trembling faith to leave them—
Christ, present them—God, receive them!

X.

Deus, pulchra, quibus gaudes,
En oblata; preces, laudes,
Clari nisus, puri cultus,
Sublevati manus, vultus,
Flexum genu, quo adorem
Humilis Te Salvatorem—
—Hoc in aram omne datur;
Præfer, Jesu—sume, Pater!

Vota ab ægro facta quondam,
Eheu! persoluta nondum—
Vim optatam, spes prospectas,
Eheu! adhuc imperfectas—
Serus tandem reddo Tibi;
Tremens, libo tamen ibi:
Quod cum fide conservatur,
Præfer, Christe—sume, Pater!

Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears—
Dreams of what we yet might be,
Could we cling more close to Thee,
That in spite of faults and failings
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
—On Thine altar laid we leave them,
Christ, present them—God, receive them!

Pleasant food and garb of pride,
Put for conscience' sake aside—
Lawful luxury forgone,
To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended,—
—On Thine altar laid we leave them,
Christ, present them—God, receive them!

Sinful thoughts and wilful ways—
Love of self and human praise—
Pride of life and lust of eye—
Worldly pomp and vanity—

Quicquid opto spe metuque,
Lacrimisque singultuque,—
Id quod mox ex voto forem,
Te amplexus propiorem,
Quod cum velim, ducor rursus
Tecum meliora versus—
Hoc in aram Tibi datur;
Præfer, Jesu—sume, Pater!

Si quid amo, vestem, victum,
Sæpe sit ob Te relictum:
Sæpe cedam, queis fas frui,
Gaudia, ut amore Tui
Subministrem cuidam horum,
Jesu, Tibi amatorum:—
—Votum hoc in aram datur;
Præfer, Christe—sume, Pater!

Quod indignè puto, volo—
Quas a mundo laudes colo—
Quicquid cupio non rite,
Gaudia profana vitæ—

Faults that let and will not leave us,
Tho' their staying sorely grieve us,—
—Help, O help us to outlive them;
Christ, atone for—God, forgive them!

Loveless life and joyless mood—
Chill of cold ingratitude—
When the world doth Christ betray,
Following too far away—
Sins which in this daily trial
Lead too often to denial—
—Help, O help us to outlive them;
Christ, atone for—God, forgive them!

Brighter joys and tenderer tears,—
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,—
Lowlier penitence for sin,—
More of Christ our souls within—
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
—Lost too long, while we deplore them,
Jesus, plead for—God, restore them!

Probri si quid adhuc hæret,
Quanquam cor jamdudum mœret,
—Sis ob hæc, ne perstem reus,
Hostia, Jesu—clemens, Deus!

Quod ingratus, durus vivo,
Congelato vitæ rivo—
Quod, cum Tu tradaris, tutus
Ipse procul sum secutus
Quod, cum multum tenter ego,
Me Te scire sæpe nego—
—Sis ob hæc, ne perstem reus,
Hostia, Christe—clemens, Deus!

At mens læta, mœsta verè—
Ardor, pudor, qui fuere—
Major de peccatis luctus—
Sæpius Tu in me inductus—
Qui ardebat purus Tui
Amor, juvenis quum fui—
—Hoc amissum ut reddatur,
Ora, Jesu—cede, Pater!

Beamings of the gentle Face—
Overflowing gifts of grace—
More of that deep consciousness
Of a changeless will to bless,
Which bestows the best assurance
Of Eternal Love's endurance—
—Lost too often we deplore them:
Jesus, plead for—God, restore them!

Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy House depart—
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy—
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
—On Thine altar laid we leave them;
Christ, present them—God, receive them!

To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offrings of imperfect praise,

Tui vultus lux serena—
Ex Te gratia plus quam plena—
Me agnoscere securum
Te per cuncta beaturum,
Sic et scire certiorem
Dei perdurare amorem—
—Prætermissum hoc reddatur
Ora, Christe—cede, Pater!

Jamque thus submissæ mentis,
Ab altari discedentis.—
Ardor erga Te perfectus—
Saliens in laudem pectus—
Cordis fides peramantis
Pura, simplex, ut infantis—
—Hoc postremum conservatur;
Præfer, Jesu—cede, Pater!

Deus Pater, Deus Nate,
Deus Spiritus Beate,
Parva licet parvi cordis
Surgant hæc tributa laudis,—

Yet with hearts bow'd down most lowly,
Crying Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them;
Christ, present them—God, receive them!

MONSELL.

At, O Trine, dum Ter Sanctum
Te clamamus inter planctum,
Quod per Spiritum libatur,
Præfer, Fili—sume, Pater!

XI.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

POPE.

XI.

Vitæ flamma, vis cælestis,
Membris O discedas istis,
Hærens, mistâ spe timori—
Quam sit trux, quam dulce, mori!
Mitte nisus hos, natura,
Intra vitam sic lapsura.

Audin'? Angeli, dum moror,
"Exi," dicunt, "exi, soror!"
Et quid ergo sensus capit,—
Cæcat visum, mentem rapit,—
Cordi vires, voces ori,
Solvit?—Hocne tandem mori?

Vadit terra;—cerno cælos;—
Audio sanctorum melos,
Dulce carmen. Pennas ergo,
Date pennas!—Ecce, surgo!
Quam Sepulcro sum invictus!
O quam nil est Mortis ictus?

XII.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;—

XII.

En, ut cecidit defectu
Flammeus orbis e conspectu!
Nubis induens latebras
Tremit jubar in tenebras.

Corde fesso, raptâ die,
Viatorem tædet viæ.
Nec in folia, nec in ædes
Lux trajecta mulcet pedes.

O Salvator! O Sol vitæ!
Noctem nescio, cernam si Te.
Mihi nil de terrâ surgat,
Quicquid Te sub nube mergat.

Sic,—in cursu dum diurno
Quid des mirum raptus cerno,
Quantum ames, scias, possis,
Terrâ, polo, rivis, boscis;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

KEBLE.

—Dum, ad quod dedisti lumen,
Plenum vitæ lustro flumen,
Te Tuamque vim emensus,
Quà non gurges fallat sensus;—

Dum, amicos et amores
Inter, vitæ lego flores;—
Horum nil gavisus tentem,
Cernam nisi Te præsentem.

Somni ros cum rigat demum,
Hoc in votis sit supremum,
"O si dormiam projectus
In æternum Christi pectus!"

Adsis primâ, serâ luce;
Odi vitam Te non duce.
Adsis et ad noctis sortem;
Te non duce tremo mortem.

Unfinished.

XIII.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy: There is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

XIII.

Une, Bine, Trine,
Domine divine!
Sole primo surgent Tibi laudes matutinæ.
Semel bisque terque
Sancte Rex, Paterque,
Uno Deo Trinitas, beata nunc semperque!

Sancte, Magne, Bone!
Quot sanctorum pronæ
Tibi circa sedem cadunt aureæ coronæ
O Qui nunquam peris,
Eras, es, et eris,
Super angelos laudantes quale sceptrum geris!

Trine, Bine, Une!
Tenebræ jejunæ
Tuam celant gloriam ob vitium commune;
Sanctus tamen restas,
Solus, cui potestas
Summa, summus insit amor, summaque majestas.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

HEBER.

Une, Bine, Trine,

Maxime, Divine!

Te res terræ celebrant, aëriæ, marinæ.

Audi, Pater, Nate,

Spiritus Beate,

Uno Deo Trinitas, et Une Trinitate!

XIV.

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

XIV.

O Cui, Jesu, sum dilectus,
Tuum fuga sit in pectus,
Surgit pontus dum arrectus,
Ingruuntque flamina!
Condar sic in Te reductus,
Vitæ ventis haud obstructus:
Intra portum, ultra fluctus
Demum restet anima.

Nihil aliud me defendet,
Exspes de Te vita pendet;
O ne veta, pes quo tendet,
Vim, solamen appeti.
In Te spes est fixa solo,
Opem nisi Tuam nolo,
Tuam pennam scutum volo
Indefenso capiti.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

WESLEY.

Gratiæ Tecum surgit satis,
Quâ piamen sit peccatis;
Rivis O redunda gratis,
Purgans mentis latebras:
Tu Fons vitæ; Tu ne scire
Sinas me quid sit sitire;
Tuas semper ebullire
Des in corde scatebras.

XV.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy Power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN.

XV.

Lux o grata, per celata
  Duc me tandem secuturum ;
Errant pedes, distat sedes ;
  Duc per noctem in securum.
Tutos per Te gradus spero ;
Unum cernam, plus non quæro.

Haud sic quondam veni : nondum
  Ducem supplex Te petebam :
Meo nisu, meo visu
  Ducem fretus nesciebam,
Audax die, per timores
Præceps. Sed o hæc ignores.

At Tu rursum dabis cursum ;
  Dux fuisti, dux et fies
Per futura viæ dura,
  Nova donec pandet dies
Angelorum heu ! neglectos
Risus, olim quam dilectos !

XVI.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;

XVI.

Deus, O propior
  Trahar in Te;
Immo si crux erit
Quæ mihi dux erit,
  Quæ trahat me;
Id tamen voveam,
Canens id foveam,
Quo me promoveam,
  Deus, in Te.

Sol iter deserit,
  Sum sine spe;
Nox venit rapidè,
Caput in lapide
  Sustinet se.
At Tu per omnia
Adsis in somnia,
Trahar et dormiens,
  Deus, in Te.

Scalæ stent ibi, quæ
  Surgant ad Te;
Quoquo des omine,
Durum si nomine,
  Gratum sit re;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

SARAH ADAMS.

Ibi velocibus
Pedibus, vocibus
Provocent Angeli,
  Deus, in Te.

Laudans sic vigilem;
  Sic, modo quæ
Mala stant saxea,
In Bethel mox ea
  Erigant se;
Sic pro ardoribus
Utar angoribus,
Ductus doloribus,
  Deus, in Te.

Signa sol, luna, res
  Vaneant hæ,
Et per ætheria
Ala non cerea
  Sublevet me,—
Id tamen voveam,
Canens id foveam,
Quo me promoveam,
  Deus, in Te.

XVII.

"CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
"Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
"Watch and pray."

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

XVII.

Dormi nondum, miles Christi;
Cæli vox est, quam audisti;
Hostes ubi stant, venisti;
Ora tu et vigila.

Mali duces, malæ gentes,
Vim secretam colligentes,
Horas manent desidentes;
Ora tu et vigila.

Circumcingas arma cæli,
Nocte, die compos teli
Latet hostis: memor prœlî,
Ora tu et vigila.

En victores, qui amore
Te victorem volunt fore,
Omnes uno suadent ore,
"Ora tu et vigila."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
"Watch and pray."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

En quem amas, en cui pares,
Dixit Jesus ut perstares,
Cordi vocem ut servares,
"Ora tu et vigila."

Vigilans, te tanquam sine
Non triumphus sit in fine,—
Orans, detur ut Divinè,—
Ora sic et vigila.

XVIII.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle Voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

XVIII.

Jesus, quando per amorem
"Vale" suum suspiraret,
Ducem dedit, Solatorem,
Nobis qui perstaret.

Adest ergo gratus hospes,
Dulci certus vi manere,
Uno dum in corde sospes
Parvo scit sedere.

Illius et, quæ mitis venit
Vox, par zephyro cadenti,
Ponit metus, vires lenit,
Cælum præfert menti.

Illius, si quæ virtus surgit,
Si quid mali triumphatur,
Si quid mens in sanctum pergit,
Sic, nec secus, datur.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

HARRIETT AUBER.

Spiritus O dulcis! homo
Cum nil purum conscit sibi,
Tibi sit cor nostrum domo,
Purius, quia Tibi.

Sic laudemus Patrem, Natum,
Et Te, Sancte, vi communi,
Unum Tribus consummatum,
Tres innexos Uni.

XIX.

LORD, I had planned to do Thee service true,
To be more humbly watchful unto prayer,
More faithful in obedience to Thy Word,
More bent to put away all earthly care.

I thought of sad hearts comforted and healed,
Of wanderers turned into the pleasant way,
Of little ones preserved from sinful snare,
Of dark homes brightened with a heavenly ray:

Of time all consecrated to Thy will,
Of strength spent gladly for Thee day by day,
When suddenly the Heavenly Mandate came
That I should give it all, at once, away.

Thy blessèd Hand came forth and laid me down,
Turned every beating pulse to throbs of pain,
Hushed all my prayers into one feeble cry,
Then bid me to believe that loss was gain.

XIX.

Scis quæ proposui primâ mihi, Christe, juventâ :
Servire, et validâ pervigilare prece,
Usque magis mea summa Tuo subducere verbo,
Usque minus nostras cordi adhibere vices.

Proposui afflictæ præbenda levamina menti,
Suadendam erranti quæ sit amœna, viam ;
Ut vitii falsas arcerem infantibus artes,
Inveherem in miseras ut jubar usque domos.

Et Tibi promisi me sacram ascribere vitam,
Et Tibi vim totam cedere quâque die.
En, ego quæ vovi. Subito mandata jubebat
Vox Tua,—et e votis nil manet inde meis.

Dextra (et amo dextram) tetigit Tua, solvit et artus :
Intremuit venis, ardor ubi ante, dolor :
Vagitu siluere preces : vox insuper ista
Jussit, ut hæc scirem ponere damna lucro.

And was it loss to have indulged such hopes?
Nay, they were gifts from out the Inner Shrine,
Garlands, that I might hang about Thy Cross,
Gems to surrender at the Call Divine.

As chiselled image unresisting lies,
In niche by its own sculptor's hand designed,
So to my unemployed and silent life,
Let me in quiet meekness be resigned.

If works of Faith, and labours sweet of Love,
May not be mine, yet patient Hope can be
Within my heart, like a bright censer's fire,
With incense of Thanksgiving mounting free.

Thou art our Pattern to the end of time,
O Crucified! and perfect is Thy Will;
The workers follow Thee in doing good,
The helpless think of Calvary, and are still.

Nec fuerat damno me spes accingier istas ;
Quæ sunt ex adytis intima dona Tuis,
Serta dabas, Cruce quæ suspendere vota juvaret,
Gemmas, quas cuperem reddere voce Tua.

Qualis et immota est, fecit quam sculptor imago,
Et jacet in proprio, quem dedit ipse, loco,
Talis ego, ut cui vita tacens et inutilis instet,
Quod Tu das patiar, nec Tibi murmur eat.

Quid si infecta Fide pendent opera alta, laborque
Si cadit infectus, quem mihi suasit Amor;
E tribus una tamen, sacro Spes permanet igne,
Grataque in hâc flammâ mens salit usque Deum.

Fidum, O Christe, Tuis exemplar ad omnia præstas ;
Semper erat justum, quod fore cuique jubes.
Vita quidem validis præsto est Tua, et inde labores ;
Præsto est debilibus Crux Tua, et inde quies.

NOTE.—*In one or two lines which had obviously been left without the last touches, slight alterations have been introduced.*

XX.

By Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The Lord, by Whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest,—
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' Breast.

So when the Dayspring from on high
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
Then shall the Lord again draw nigh.

I. Gregory Smith.

XX.

Incubat terris ubi nox, utrinque
Ad novum Christi vigiles sepulchrum
En duæ, flentes miseræque visu,
Stantque silentque.

Nempe jam finis; posuitque demum
Vulnera et luctus, onus acre vitæ,
Qui suo nostros etiam dolores
Corde ferebat.

Hâc in angustâ jacet Ille clausus
Rupe, qui struxit Deus ipse terras,
Qui priùs victos homines ab imâ
Morte redemit.

O pia et luctu nimis ægra corda,
Hæc datur tandem requies doloris.
Hic datur vestras posuisse Christi in
Pectore curas.

Sic, ubi e cælo properans ad ortum
Plena Lux noctem penetrârit, ipsum
Rursus en! fidis reducem licebit
Cernere Christum.

XXI.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds: the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my Soul, to meet Him!

RINGWOLD.

XXI.

QUANTO visu, quali sono,
Deus, rerum finem jubes!
In fulgenti Judex throno
Sedet mirus inter nubes!
Tuba tonuit superna;
Quos tenebat, reddit urna;
Mens, pareris in æterna.

Unfinished.

XXII.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."

Hath He diadem, as monarch,
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety:
But of Thorns!"

XXII.

Tune fessus,—tune pressus
Curâ stas edace?—
"Ad Me veni, sisque leni,"
Est Qui dixit, "Pace."

Ecquid habet Hic, quo stabit
Signo Dux notatus?
"Vide læsa, quondam cæsa,
Manus, pedes, latus."

Huicne tegi, tanquam regi,
Gestit auro crinis?
"Fronti bona stat corona,
Texta tamen spinis."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

NEALE.

Cognituro, secuturo
Quis in terris fructus?
"En labores, en dolores,
Oculique fluctus."

Per tot demum quid supremum
Servaturo manum?
"Vis victoris, pax doloris,
Via per Jordanum."

Dic an, orem si favorem,
Spernet quæ petantur.
"Cæli, terræ, fatum ferre
Prius destinantur."

Tum si surgam, sequar, pergam,
Hicne beaturus?
"Quot et quanti dicunt Sancti,
Sis de hoc securus!"

XXIII.

God, Who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy Mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:—
When the last dread Call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in Glory take us
With Thee on high.

Heber.

XXIII.

Cælum, terras qui fecisti,
Auctor noctis et diei,
Curis lucem qui dedisti,
Tenebrasque requiei,
Angeli custodes stanto,
Et soporem gratum danto ;
Somnio nox longa sancto,
Sanctæ detur spei !

Tuam ne tutelam extra
Vigilemus, dormiamus ;
Mortui in tuâ dextrâ,
Tuâ pace quiescamus.
Tubæ sonis exsulturi
Invocemus Te securi ;
Tuo regno consessuri
Tibi resurgamus !

XXIV.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me.
Keep me safe till morning light.

Let my sins be all forgiven
Through the greatness of Thy love,
Take me when I die to Heaven,
There to reign with Thee above.

XXIV.

Jesu, Pastor o tenelle,
Agno procul huic dispelle
Quicquid sit periculum :
Per tenebras esto quies,
Te propinquo, donec dies
Repetet cubiculum.

Solve, solve quæ peccavi,
Tanta cum amore suavi
De Te surgit gratia.
Tandem cum prosternar morte
Dulci Tecum fruar sorte,
Cæli per palatia.

I.

Who has not stood and gazed into the sky,
When night's dense shade is gathering near and far,
Till on the self-same spot, where late his eye
Most blankly ranged—sudden he sees a star;
Sees it so clear, so firm a light to pour,
He marvels that he found it not before.

E'en thus, O God, in trial's darkest night,
Ere the weak soul Thy gracious end can know,
May faith still fix on Thee the unfaltering sight,
And gaze—and gaze,—till forth shall burst Thy Light
And all seem Mercy which seemed only woe;
That Light henceforth our guiding star remain,
Once found, and never to be lost again.

II.

My father came to my sister's bed,
And lifted her out, in the early morn:
"Where are you going, Lilie?" I said,
As forth in his arms the child was borne.

"I do not know," was all she replied,
"I do not know," with a smile of rest,
And she closed her eyes in trustful guise,
And settled her cheek to her father's breast.

Then as I lay, alone and awake,
I fell to wond'ring and musing there,
Till such was the form my thoughts would take,
That I added this to my morning's prayer.

"Father in Heaven, whate'er betide,
Where'er through life Thou carriest me,
O grant me, at rest on Thy guardian breast,
To resign my will and my care to Thee."

III.

How long, O Lord, how long? Thy chosen see
Sorrowing, rejoicing, since our loss of Thee.
Sorrowing to miss that Love, our three years' stay,
Those words of power which still we long t' obey;
To muse on all Thy woes ere Thou didst die,
Our own false flight and recreant dastardy:
Yet joyful, for we watched Thee soar to Heaven;
Know Thee triumphant, and ourselves forgiven,
And feel, with faith the deeper that 'twas late,
Thou of Thy word wilt not one breath abate.
When shall that word its great fulfilment see?
Speed, speed Thy Comfort, Lord, and set us free!

IV.

THE wintry storms which late were flying
Sudden have curbed their boist'rous will;
The snow which whirled and beat is lying
Pure and soft and still.

And such the hour that Jesus chooses
Wherein to found His peace on earth,
Whate'er the world's proud Inn refuses
Of welcome to His birth.

Oh far from sin and pride and danger,
Lord, be my longing soul at rest;
Let me prepare Thy cradle manger
Within this humble breast.

And so my heart each tumult bating,
Curbed into peace its wanton will,
Shall to receive Thy birth be waiting,
Pure and soft and still.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

V.

"I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord."—Ps. cxxii.

GLAD their call we welcomed,
When they gave the word,
"Comrades, to the Temple
Of our God, the Lord!"
In the gates of Zion
See our footsteps throng.
Form the ranks of worship!
Swell the stream of song!
Father! thus we enter,
Thus our hearts prepare.
Bend, to hear our praises!
Bend, to heed our prayer!

Lo! we come as breth'ren,
Marching arm to arm,
Leaving care and conflict,
Merchandise and farm;
Gain and loss forgetting,
Heeding nought to-day
Save that better part, which
None shall take away.
Father! thus we enter,
Thus our hearts prepare,
Bend, to hear our praises!
Bend, to heed our prayer!

Jesu! Guide and Saviour!
Lead us to the Throne.
We are made Thy children,
We Thy Food have known.
Stand Thou at our vanguard,
Our High Priest to be:
We approach the Father
But through trust in Thee.

Saviour, thus advancing,
We implore Thy care ;
Bend, to hear our praises !
Bend, to heed our prayer !

Lord ! we need Thy comfort,
Lord ! we need Thy pow'r.
Our spent life is sinful,
Weak our coming hour.
Much we fear the future,
Much we mourn the past ;
All our hope for either
On Thy Love is cast.
Father ! thus advancing,
T'wards Thee we repair.
Bend, to hear our praises !
Bend, to heed our prayer !

When with heads bowed lowly
Deep we look within,
And to Thee in sadness
Pour our load of sin,—

When we vow no longer
That past life to live,—
Hear in Heaven Thy dwelling,
Hear us and forgive.
Father! thus advancing,
T'wards Thee we repair.
Bend, to hear our praises!
Bend, to heed our prayer!

When we plead before Thee
With an awestruck faith
That one vast Atonement,
That one loving Death,—
Plead Thy Mercy's promise
That through this we live,—
Hear in heaven Thy dwelling,
Hear us and forgive.
Father! thus approaching,
We Thy love would share.
Bend, to hear our praises!
Bend, to heed our prayer

When we pray Thy guidance
Through temptation's strife,
Yearning t'wards the footprints
Of Christ's Holy Life,—
When for brave endeavour
Our new vows are made,—
Hear in Heaven Thy dwelling,
Hear and give Thine aid.
Father! thus approaching,
We Thy love would share.
Bend, to hear our praises!
Bend, to heed our prayer!

When with grateful rapture
Soars our gaze above,
Scales Thine height of Glory,
Scans Thy depth of Love,—
When the loud Hosanna
From all hearts has leapt,—
Hear in Heaven Thy dwelling,
Hear it and accept.

Father! thus we near Thee,
Thus implore Thy care.
Bend, to hear our praises!
Bend, to heed our prayer!

Father! we are standing
Suppliants at Thy Throne,
Prompted by Thy Spirit,
Asking through Thy Son:
Holy, Holy, Holy,
We are come to Thee,
And our psalm and service
To each Name shall be.
God, the One, the Threefold!
Lo! we claim Thy care.
Bend, to hear our praises!
Bend, to heed our prayer!

LONDON:
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

FEB 9 1987

Form L9–32m-8,'57(C8680s4)444

PR
4718
G5448m
Godfrey-
Faussett -
Memorials of
T. G.
Godfrey-Faussett

PR
4718
G5448m